

# ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS



## AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 3.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

ONE PENNY.

### OUR MISSION.

TO issue our third number without some recognition of the vast encouragement we have met with from the public would be to neglect a duty of the most imperative nature. Our success has been far beyond our most sanguine expectations; so undoubted is it that we now feel warranted in saying something of our intentions, which in a first number would have been presumptive in the extreme.

We have opened up a new path in the field of journalism, and in doing so have taken care not to cross that of any of our contemporaries. We fill a space, and do not seek to crush others in erecting our own edifice. Until the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS appeared this country was without a medium for the illustration of its sports and pastimes. All the world ever saw of sporting illustrations was expensive engravings, at which thousands were content to gaze through the shop windows. This order of things is now over, and no fireside need be without excellent pictures of the sports of Old England, and portraits of those who have been, and are still, their principal professors and illustrators, and this at a weekly expenditure of one penny. We do not merely profess to supply the public with pictures, but to accompany them with such matter as must prove generally interesting: we have therefore organised a staff of writers which cannot fail to give satisfaction. This staff is not confined to the metropolis, but scattered in every important town in Great Britain: thus we are enabled to insure a supply of articles, not only interesting to metropolitan readers, but to those in every town in the provinces. This is a desideratum which has not yet been perfected by any of our contemporaries. The risk we ran in dashing into this original source of amusement and instruction was no ordinary one; but the result has proved that our calculation on the necessity of establishing a work of this class was not wrong, and our trying ordeal has been triumphantly passed. We shall treat particularly on every class of field sport; not only recording, but endeavouring to assist, their progress. When we use the word assist, it is with a full and perfect conviction of its meaning. We are not so blind as to imagine that there remains nothing to do in order to preserve and elevate our sports. If this were the case we should be adopting a popular impression and style which would in time utterly extinguish some sports and leave others just in the position in which they have remained during the last century. One of the easily extinguished is the prize ring, and that by the toleration of its weak points by those whose mission it should be to change them. This remark particularly applies to what we may term "the language of the ring," which is certainly of a most offensive character. We need not here particularise any of the objectionable terms in which the brutal-minded indulge when referring to exhibitions in the ring: this would be to stain the page we promise will never be contaminated with them. We can all appreciate power of endurance, the physical attributes of man, the benefit of training, and true courage, without condescending to use language which a provincial costermonger would shudder at. These remarks also apply to every other branch of sporting matters on which we shall touch. We purpose devoting some space to the noble game of cricket, which we think of so much importance as to be a special feature. Its wonderful growth and increasing popularity demand much

attention at our hands, and in perfecting our arrangements we invite the cordial co-operation of all lovers of the sport. From time to time we shall issue likenesses of the principal professional and amateur players of the world, and faithfully record the movements of all the clubs of any importance. Each quarter of our sporting world will be presided over by gentlemen who are no strangers to their work, and whose names are closely connected with the sporting literature of the country. They will endeavour to give a decided tone of originality to their departments, whilst judging all matters coming under their notice in a spirit of impartiality.

We shall devote considerable space to the record of musical and theatrical matters in the metropolis and provinces—particularly the latter, which, in our opinion, has been sadly neglected by the press. In many little country theatres there are players blushing away unseen, and wasting their sweets on the unsophisticated rustic, who, if intro-

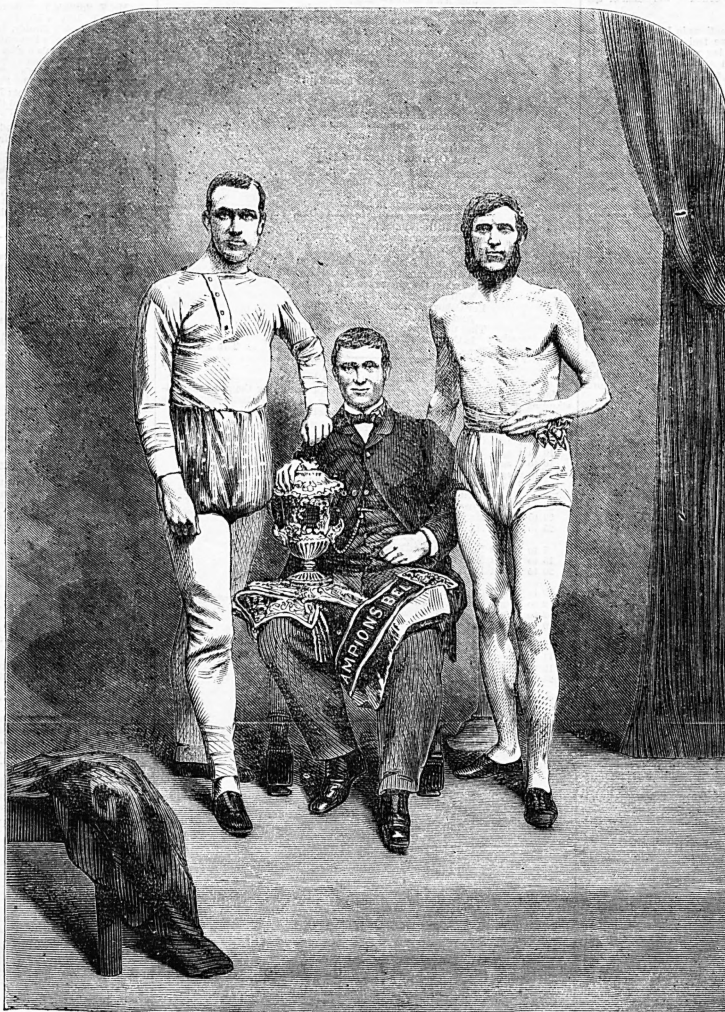
duced to a London audience, would at once assume a good position; for these we shall be constantly on the look out, and promise that there shall be no relaxation of effort on our part to do them justice.

Until our appearance there was but one paper devoting any space to provincial theatricals, and as that one is of a very high price it may reasonably be supposed that few see it. Our price removes all the difficulties hitherto thrust in the way of many deserving men. We may add that our theatrical correspondents are all persons of responsibility, and on whose critical acumen we rely.

Much has been said lately on the morals of the decade. The wonderful growth of rational amusement has been a subject on which we have continually congratulated ourselves; and it is our determination to persevere in a progressive spirit, and seek by legitimate means to further elevate all that can tend to lighten the hours of relaxation of every class. What was at one time termed

"fast life" no longer, in the accepted sense of the word, exists. Fast lances, fast songs, fast books, and fast newspapers have been consigned to a well-merited oblivion, and the literature of the day is, generally speaking, free from all contaminating topics; but we must qualify this assertion by alluding to the perversity with which some public prints still cling to the unwholesome conventionalities of a day gone by. They little think, or if they do think, they care but little, how readily some persons adopt a tone from those around them, particularly from those who set themselves up as public teachers. They should reflect on the responsibility of their positions, and endeavour to free themselves from all that is calculated to injure the unwary; but, instead of this, the prints we allude to continue to pollute their pages with language which was only to be tolerated when applied to the unpolished sports which no longer exist. All English sports have undergone a refining process, and brutality is no longer one of their distinctive characteristics. Why then adopt brutal language in describing that which is not brutal? By doing so, those who are not immediately connected with sporting circles are led to believe that that which is simply a display of true manly courage and a health-giving amusement is a degrading vice, and not to be too severely condemned. Surely there can be no delight in making the world believe this, and if there is we have failed to see it, and prefer to continue the course we have laid down, and from which nothing will tempt us to deviate. It shall never be said that we have by the slightest word or action placed a bar—as slight as a thread—in the way of the progress, of which it is our pleasure to boast.

In conclusion we call the attention of the observant to the progress we have made in each issue of our journal. The illustrations are from the pencils of artists of well-known power, or from the studios of the most eminent photographers; each week we have improved their quality and brought them nearer the standard we are determined to attain. It is far more satisfactory to be in a position to refer our friends to our progress than make them promises; we, therefore, ask them to carefully examine each issue before the public, and this we presume to be sufficient guarantee of our determination to make the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS worthy the perusal of every class of sportsman, and of our appreciation of the enormous success we have already attained.



NEVIN, MARTIN, AND MOWER.

(From a Photograph published by George Newbold.)

The Trade are requested to Order at once for this Special Edition.



ard, and Robinson fourth. The dinner at the tavern was presided over by Joseph Stamper, Esq., and one of the most pleasant evenings imaginable. I consulted, the majority of the visitors being well known as Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling sportsmen.

## BILLIARDS.

## GREAT MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ROBERTS AND DUFTON.

This extraordinary match of 1,000 up, the former giving 425 points, took place at Saville House, on Saturday night. The game commenced at a quarter-past 8 o'clock, and was finished at five minutes past 10. Mr. Roberts commenced his great break at 121 off his favourite spot stroke, and made the unprecedented number of 104 red hazards and six cannons, which brought the score to even—425. A few of the principal points of the game may be enumerated. The numbers stood as follows:

When Roberts was 601	Dufton was 509
" 702	" 576
" 803	" 543
" 901	" 510
" 1,000	" 681

So that Dufton, during the entire game, only scored 256 points, thus losing the match. He made some very good shots during the last 10, which delayed Roberts from playing out before. Even this did not prevent this extraordinary game being concluded in 1h. 50min. It is an unprecedented fact that Roberts made 194 spot hazards, viz. 10, 15, 104, 10, 3, 9, 4, 11, 23. We give a *carte de visite* sketch of the winning player from a photograph by Mr. Symonds, of the Isle of Wight; and likewise an engraving of the room, while the match was being played, taken by our artist. We shall, in a future number, give a full memoir of the winner, accompanied by an original photograph by our own artist.

JONATHAN, OF OXFORD, AND W. DUTTON.—Considerable interest is attached to the newly-arranged match between these popular players. The terms are £25 a side. Jonathan to score 500 up by one-handed play, and Dufton to play 1,000 up. The game is fixed for Monday, April 7.

## ANGLING.

THE weight of the salmon-fry, smolt, or as it is frequently called in this district, "smelt" (though quite distinct, of course, from the little salt-water fish properly so named), is about eight or ten to the pound. The weight of the river trout here—yellow trout they are generally called to distinguish them from sea-trout—averages about a quarter of a pound. The fry, therefore, or anyone else who goes to fish these waters, must not here apply any of the traditions he may have picked up as to South Country or Thames trout fishing. A trout, which would be regarded as small in most of the southern rivers, is here looked upon as a rare prize. Now and then a three or four pounder occurs, whose capture is pretty certain to be duly chronicled in the columns of the local paper especially devoted to showers of frogs and enormous gooseberries. If I took a hundred trout, I should expect among them, in most of the border rivers, perhaps one or two trout of a pound or eighteen ounces, a dozen half-pounders, and the remainder dwindling down, "small by degrees and beautifully less," to the weight of three or four ounces; and I should have hooked and returned to the water many much smaller fish. (In calling them "fish," I speak according to ordinary parlance, for the term is usually restricted to salmon alone.) Moreover, if I confined myself to the "streams" ("scours" they are called in the south) where the trout are most abundant, and passed over the deeps and "pools," the produce of my sport would run much smaller. *Fine water*, however, if under the favourable circumstances of a "ripple" or dark water I were to fish the latter portions of the river more assiduously, my patience would be rewarded by larger fish. Size, however, as well as number, much depends on one's knowledge of the water. A man who is thoroughly acquainted with the river will probably be able to show you some half-dozen "pounders" among his day's take, when the water is in first-rate trim, while you who have fished without his local knowledge will have scarcely anything in your basket approaching that weight. A difference, by the bye, may be noted between the Northumberland and Cumberland method of reckoning the number of trout taken. A fisherman of the former county tells you he has killed so many "dozen"; in the latter they talk only of "pounds," which seems certainly the fairest way of calculating, as it is obvious that a basket containing five dozen trout may have in it a number of two-ounce or even minnow-like specimens.

The success of your fishing will depend, at all seasons, in a great measure upon the temperature of the air, and the state of the water. North Country trout-fishing may be said to extend from the end of March to the end of September. Let it be remembered, however, that within those limits there will occur periods of many consecutive days, during which, even in the most prolific waters, the most experienced angler will find it difficult to make anything like a show of trout; to the beginner it will be simply impossible. When these periods may come cannot with certainty be predicted. But, usually, from the end of June to the middle of August is a blank time, except to the skilful worm fisher (a workman who ranks A 1 in his craft, and with whom, Mr. Tyro, you will find it hopeless to compete without long practice). April and the early part of May will turn out good or bad, according to the presence or absence of floods, accompanied by warm weather. From the middle of May to the middle of June there is, generally speaking, the best sport to be had; though the corresponding portions of August and September are something equally good, and the trout then run larger.

In the early spring cold weather and the low state of the water will absolutely shut you out from anything resembling good sport in trout fishing. Neither, in case of the river being full and the weather warm will you be successful if the water contains any infusion of melted snow from

the hills. You must specially hope and long for a rain-flood from the west, accompanied by warm, gentle breezes. Then is the time for your harvest. Make the most of it while it lasts. Fish early and late; with worm, minnow, and fly; be all things to all states of the swelling or dwindling current. And this I will show you how to do in my next letter. For here we are at Bellingham, and in our two hours' ride we have sped twenty miles up the broad valley of the Tyne, past the old castle of Frithburgh, and the salmon streams of Tyne, and the mouth of the romantic Devil's water, and the quaint old town and county of Hexham; and, eschewing the lead-tainted water of Tyne's southern branch, we have been carried eighteen miles up its northern fork, and now we are in the land of streams and moors.

## HUNTING.

\* \* We shall always be happy to receive reports of good runs, as well as portraits of well-known hunting characters. Masters of hounds will oblige by placing themselves in direct communication with us.

## MR. THELAWNEY'S HOUNDS.

The name of Mr. Thelawney insures the men of the West admirable sport. His pack has numerous attractions, and is the means of bringing together the best fields to be seen in the county of Devon. The following is a description of a recent meet; it is from the pen of a gentleman who has for some considerable time delighted all lovers of a fine run by his vivid descriptions of the sport in which he delights:—

Met at Wadhams, for the purpose of drawing the cliffs. Found in a gully close to Revelstoke Church, and ran him right merrily to Worswell Point, at the mouth of the river Tyne; here he turned to the right, and we viewed him three fields ahead, running for his life for the Redoubt brake, in view of a couple of hounds who had lost us, and accidentally met him. He reached the brake, however, in safety, and, after being viewed in it two or three times, he at length broke and made his way back towards the point where we found him. Running now up wind they need him back such a "buster" that he was

forced to take shelter in the cliffs some way short of his home, and was viewed coiled up on the top of a sharp rock. Mr. G. Elliott, of Molecombe, now descended the cliff and dislodged him with a stone, and down he jumped on to the beach, when little Sontag caught a view of him, and, as his only chance, he dashed into the sea. Sontag, nothing daunted, followed him in a brilliant ascent, and for a moment they were swimming side by side, when she caught him by the back of his neck, and they both went under water together; soon again they rose, and more hounds coming to her aid they finished him off. A sinner's sight could hardly be witnessed, and all agreed that a better enclosure-run and finale had not been seen for many years. We now trotted away for Newton-wood, drawing two covers in our way back. Here we soon found one of those short-running brutes that cause us so much annoyance, and after crossing over into Newton Downs, and taking a short tour, he went to ground as usual. Tools and terriers now went to work; and it was determined that such a coward was "only worthy of death," so, after half-an-hour's running, he was taken out and given to the hounds. Homewards we now bent our steps, well pleased with our day's sport, and looking forward to some of the "good things of the season," which we hope are in store for us, to make up for our past blunder. Still, however, more foxes have been killed this season than in any previous one for many years past. I feel a moral conviction that ere long I shall again have "something good" to communicate.

WILLIAM WENT.

## A RUN WITH THE LAMERTON HOUNDS.

THESE hounds recently met at Snydenham, the seat of John Tremayne, Esq. A numerous field turned out, and among them we observed Tremayne, of Harewood, Morshead, Michell, Sleeman, Deacon, Harries, Gill, the two Blanchards, Choven, "cum mille aliis," all, I may say, of the right sort. A more promising day for sport never came out of the heavens: mild and balmy, little or no sun, ground moist, and a light breeze—in my opinion one of the essentials to a brilliant scent. The hounds looked well, and fit to go, thanks to that zealous and indefatigable sportsman Mr. Leamon. Now to business. The pack was thrown into a small gorse covert immediately in front of the house, and no sooner there than old Morshead proclaimed by his unmistakable tongue that the vermin was at home; in no time the brakes were in such a state of commotion that the wild animal of the moor, finding it necessary to scarce himself, deserted his true love, and made the best of his way home. Breaking cover close to his brush, the pack raced him over Leigh Downs to Radston Wood, up the vale to Old Street, through the parsonage of Lew Trenchard, across the Okehampton and Lamerton turnpike to Thrushelton, here he turned to the right and crossing the Beaton Road pursued his course through Whitcombe, to Orchard, Churnton, skirting Ebsbury Moor, to good things of the season, as it is generally understood there are earths in these plantations, artificial ones I have been told, if so, thanks to the worthy squire; but no, he disclaimed stopping short of his hounds; on he went to Foote, over Prewley Moor to the Okehampton and Tavistock turnpike, crossing which, about four miles from the former place, he tried for Sourton Tor; disappointment met him here: several persons were on the tor searching, as far as I know, for a month or two of the late lamented Prince Consort. Headed back, he evidently makes up his mind for that strong hold, Black Tor. The pack is racing him over some of the best ground of Dartmoor, heads up and stern down, carrying a great head, no saying what hound has the scent, bellows to mend with several of the horses. At this period of the chase one of the field, bulky in front as well as behind, cries out, "Yonder he goes, I see him 200 yards in front of the hounds;" whereupon "Reginald the Bold" puts on all steam, and, rushing to the front, races beside the hounds to Shelstone Tor, where they pull him down in the open. Fortunately for the field the last one or two miles were down a slight descent over ground like a race course. He evidently meant Black Tor, and nearly succeeded in reaching it, but, either faking the river Ockment or the opposite hill, he sunk the valley to the left, and was run into at Shelstone Tor, as stated above. Time, 1h. and 20m. There was no check from the find to the finish; and the hounds never lifted a yard. Distance, as the crow flies, about ten miles. This is the third for these hounds have killed within the last month.

NEMO.

The T.C.R. Harriers met on Thursday at Delank, St. Brevard. They meet again to-day (Saturday) at Roughier Tor.

Mr. Trelawney's Hounds meet to-day (Saturday) at Plym Bridge. The Western Hounds met on Tuesday last at Nansupuska, and yesterday (Friday) at Tregenebry-hill.

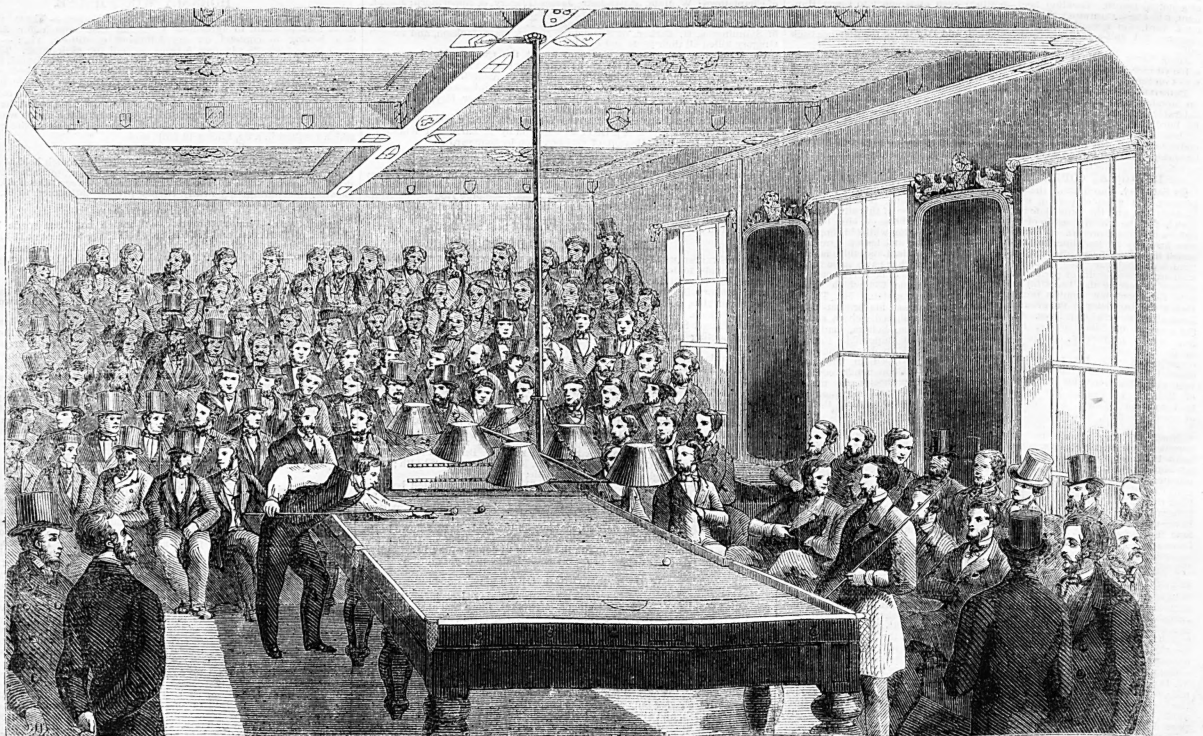
NATIONAL GERMAN RIFLE MATCH.—The Frankfort journals state that the preparations for the German rifle match are being proceeded with on a large scale. Advertisements have been published for tenders for the supply of 300 silver cups as prizes for the successful competitors.

IMPORTANT MEETING ON THE VOLUNTEER QUESTION.—A meeting of peers and members of Parliament friendly to the volunteer movement was held on Tuesday afternoon in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons, to consider the present position of the volunteer force, and what steps should be taken to give it permanence. Lord Ellenborough was called to the chair. A resolution was proposed by Lord Elioche, and seconded by Lord Shaftesbury.—"That in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable that a Royal Commission be appointed to inquire into the present position and prospects of the volunteer force, and to suggest what measures, if any, may be required to give it permanence." This resolution was carried unanimously, and, on the motion of Lord Bury, a deputation of Lords and Commons, non-volunteers, was appointed to lay the resolution on the part of the meeting before the Secretary of State for War.



ROBERTS, THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.

(From a Photograph by Symonds, of the Isle of Wight.)



THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN ROBERTS AND DUFTON (1,000 UP) ON SATURDAY LAST, WHEN ROBERTS MADE THE UNPRECEDENTED

SCORE OF 312 OFF THE SPOT BALL.



PORTRAITS OF DAN THOMAS AND NOLAN.

ACCOMPANYING are a couple of likenesses of these two celebrated light-weights—Thomas and Nolan. Through a press of matter we are compelled to leave out a memoir of these boxers, which shall be given on the week of their fight, which has been postponed so as not to interfere with the Northampton Race Meeting.

MR. FECHTER AS "IAGO."

CONVENTIONALITY not long since was eating away that noble institution—our national drama. It was the rule to pass traditional stage directions from one generation of actors to another, until acting was becoming a mechanical employment, and actors were fast turning the glass away from nature; even our greatest artists stooped to imitate their illustrious predecessors instead of reading a character for themselves. Conventions were held sacred by professionals, no matter how absurd and unnatural the dress, the voice, the action, and the facial expression—some one of a past era did thus, and thus, and so it was to be continued. This was the style of things until Mr. Fechter came to England and instituted a reform at the Princess's Theatre. From the first night of his appearance he introduced what Mr. Gladstone would term "gigantic innovations" into our school, and frightened the theatres from their propriety. Yet all Mr. Fechter did was to insist on being natural. The public discerned his merit, and at once acknowledged it, and he has not only made a decided stand in England, but he has become the favourite impersonator of the creations of our bard—William Shakespeare. His *Hamlet* was recognized as a masterpiece, his *Othello* was acknowledged to be a wonderful impersonation, although many differed from him as to certain particulars he introduced into his reading. But whatever he did he could not be accused of having overstepped the modesty of nature, and that merit will outweigh a multitude of faults. We will pass, however, from the characters which are no longer before us and come to that which immediately occupies the attention of the town.

Mr. Fechter's *Iago* is a truly wonderful display of artistic ability. The part presents more shades than any other to be found in Shakespeare's plays. The *Othello* is no common ruffian, whose black heart is reflected in his face; he is the very quintessence of rascality, and the consummation of all that is subtle. He has to deal with men whose intellect and whose susceptibility would detect the faintest glimpse of roguery, but the language given him is so wonderfully susceptible of being changed by the manner in which it is uttered that no one but the perfect master of art can realize a satisfactory *Iago*. Mr. Fechter's portrait is not only satisfactory, but perfect beyond the possibility of a fault. The admirable manner in which he took *Roderigo* is quite a study; the acting throughout the scene where *Iago* meets *Othello* at Cyprus is extremely fine. Every word uttered on the stage is commented on by *Iago*, and these comments, which, of course, are mental, are conveyed to the audience with singular skill—the hand or the mouth or the twinkle of the eye speaking an entire volume. The scene in which he describes the affray occasioned by *Othello's* drunkenness is also noteworthy; the seeming honesty of the man is conveyed in the manner. The great scene is, however, the revelation of *Iago's* presumed frailty; the manner in which this is done would carry conviction to a less excitable temperament than *Othello* possesses. Throughout the whole play Mr. Fechter's mind may be traced; his artistic hand is everywhere to be met with and always to be welcomed. There is less striking alterations introduced in this character than in the *Hamlet* and *Othello*, but there is an improvement on the old business of the part quite refreshing to witness. The costume, too, is admirable, and quite correct. We presume any actor possessing common sense who has seen it for ever discard that conventional Spanish ball-lighter's "make up," in which they decked out *Iago* before Mr. Fechter's appearance in the true costume of the period and the country.

We present our readers with a striking portrait of the actor in one of his favourite attitudes. The beauty of the costume will be immediately recognised, and we leave our readers to judge how immeasurably superior it is to that in which we have heretofore seen the character dressed.

Of Mr. Fechter's *Othello* we do not think much. In trying to be Fechter he loses his own identity, and the consequence is, we are presented with a most singular character made up of the old and the new schools, but so confused as to become almost unintelligible.

Miss C. Leclercq as *Desdemona* is excellent, and Miss Elsworth makes a good *Emilia*. The other parts are filled in the most even manner, but none of them stand in sufficient relief to warrant a special word of praise.

EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO MR. FECHTER BY OUR M.P.  
Change your playbill's Preamble—'twould be more exact;  
Say I, of the drama to be a decider;  
You should call it *Iago*—for that is the Act,  
The *Othello* is only a *Don*—Pen.



DAN THOMAS.



JOE NOLAN.

THOMAS AND NOLAN ARE MATCHED TO FIGHT FOR £400, APRIL 8. (From Photographs published by George Newbold.)

PEDESTRIANISM.

DR. JOHNSON thought life had few things better than the excitement produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison. Who recollects not the pleasant tours on foot, with knapsack and wallet, the sketch book, the angling rod, the volume of Shakespeare, when in the very summer of one's years we could roam free amid the grandest scenes of nature—the blue hills and glowing lakes and rivers of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and the roaring of dreams and torrents, like the sound of a domestic song that hath soothed one's infancy? And again, the hill, and dale, and magnificent woodland scenery of our own dear England, what beautiful visions of Nature and Nature's worth lay in their kaleidoscope. Outdoor exercise is constantly recommended by our best and most learned physicians as the best preservative of health. The Shakespearean exclamation, "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none on't," is an endorsement to such opinion; and where can we seek to find a better judge of Nature than the poet of all time? The fact that tours of pedestrianism could be taken, but by the more wealthy, was until late years quite patent; but the power of steam has brought in the temporary excursionist in order that, in all liking, he may gratify such health-inspiring habits in almost all directions of the United Kingdom. These causes, added to the recent hold which the athletic exercises and pastimes of the country have upon the people themselves, have stimulated frequent instances of emulation in the achievement of some specified task or feat in hours of relaxation. To trace the origin of pedestrianism would take a longer description than we care to devote space, although testimony in its favour must be pronounced as to the being, when properly conducted, an highly commendable pastime, as everything tends to show that the practice is pure and health-giving, and thus all must benefit in an equal ratio. Hail, then, to pedestrianism as an essentially national sport, albeit its practitioners may chiefly consist of the masses, but then they are the blood and sinews of a free country. At college or school you read up at college to give vigour to the mind for an examination. Special training gives vigour to the frame. Who, then, can deny its importance? A few brief, particular items touching the sport in general, and its ascendancy in the estimation of the community, may, *en passant*, be related, although they may be in some measure strung at random from the fading memory. Captain Barclay's celebrated match of a thousand miles in a thousand hours must ever be stamped as one of those extraordinary feats which none but the most healthful and vigorous specimens of humanity could accomplish; but the gallant captain—none better—knew the grand secret, constant abstinence and exercise, as a relaxation and counterpoise to toil of whatsoever description. Abstemiousness of living, regularity of habit in early rising, and a fair modicum of daily exercise, more or less, as can be set apart from the cares of business was Captain Barclay's prescription. Many have followed in similar matches, but some have never been sufficiently verified, or, at least, so says *Bell*; and if it ring louder than it ought that be nothing to us. Among those alluded to may be mentioned—James Searies, of Sheffield; Richard Manks, the Warwickshire Antelope; Robert Coates, of London; Lizzie Ben Lowe, of Birmingham; and lots of others. We recollect even an American female pedestrian, who came out in haunting Bloomer costume at Aston Cross, Birmingham, many years back, when the imitation of the Barclay feat was more prevalent than it is now, in order to demonstrate to the British public that the great undertaking of the Master of Ury could be accomplished by a *femme sole* from the other side of the Atlantic. *Chacona a son cont*, and many a provincial "lamb," believed in it to his heart's content. Another branch of the "art" was walking against time; walking the farthest without stopping; walking from London to Brighton or any given place and back a few years back our chosen picked pedestrians of the day used invariably run on a turnpike road—Gannick Corner, Slough (where is the celebrated Maxfield mile), Two Magpies, Beddington Corner, The Old Hat, Ealing, Acton Bottom, Harrington Corner, &c. &c., in the days of George Soward, the American Wonder, Bill Robinson, of Newton Moor, Bob Fuller, Charles Jenkinson, Book, John Smith, the Regent-street Pot and now host of the Norman Arms, Fulham Fields; Sam East, Charles Westhall, H. A. Reed, Ned Smith, Jimmy Patterson, the Flying Tailor;

Rosier (of Mitcham), Jenny Kitchener, William Jackson, the American Door; Howard, and numerous other stars who might be mentioned. It was at Beddington Corner that Captain, now Major Astley (an ardent admirer of athletic recreations) walked as an amateur his twenty miles in 3h. 40min., even after he had won a sixscore yard race. Noblemen and gentlemen alike have accorded their patronage to pedestrianism, as witnessed on several interesting occasions at Lord's Cricket Ground; and many of our readers will call to recollection the mile amateur hurdle race last season at the North Camp, Aldershot, before the Russian ambassador, out of compliment to whom the commander ordered the splendid bands to play the Russian National Hymn, a piece of military music the stirring effect of which must have been heard to be duly appreciated. Captain Fenton Saunders, the European champion in the gentleman amateur division at two miles, having received forfeit some time back from the French champion, has been at length challenged by J. E. Heavside, the owner of the One-mile Champion Challenge Cup. Ireland—scandal, of course, to gentlemen amateurs. This last-named prize is again to be contended for on Monday, April 8, at Dublin. The challenge of Mr. Heavside to Captain Saunders is from two to five miles, for £100 a side. The latter's *forte*, be it remembered, is one or



MR. FECHTER AS "IAGO."

(From a Sketch by our own Artist.)

two miles; we know of no public performance beyond. If the gallant captain does not run in Dublin—for that is a *sine qua non*—we should opine, from the *on dit* of the day, that he can be accommodated in the Great Metropolis, by Mr. Bryant, the respected captain of the West London Rowing Club, at a couple of miles. There are the college foot steep chases and races at Cambridge, Oxford, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and in various places, under high clerical sanction and authority, and where all the young scions of nobility in school contend annually for the prizes awarded for this pastime. Mr. Heathcote, of the Durdens, near Epsom—who will forgive us for deviating from our theme to call up to memory that stirring tale of a fine old English gentleman, Sir Gilbert Heathcote—annually gives a pedestrian *fete* on his estate, assembling all his male tenants, young and old, and handicapping them, at various distances, according to previous performances. Having ourselves witnessed the routine of these joyous gatherings, we can readily vouch for their high importance, not alone in a moral point of view, but of the vast physical good alluded to in many parts of our accompanying article. Enclosed grounds succeeded the doings on the road. The most noted house in town was The Old Cope, kept by Mr. John Garratt, for half-a-dozen years as a running ground—in 1858. All the best pots of the day performed here for the ten-mile walking champion, ten-mile running champion cup, one-mile running cup, &c. Westhall, Spooner, Old Smith (of Ipswich), George Frost, Bob Inwood (of Footing), Jem Pundey, Levett, Jackson, Mitchell, and a host, were then in the zenith of their prime. Mr. Garratt is now the proprietor of the Copenhagen Grounds, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth. Others equally well-named are—Mr. J. C. Baum's, White Lion, Hackney Wick, and Mr. John Roberts's, West London Cricket Ground, Old Brompton. All are famous training quarters, and are generally resorted to for that purpose. The following statement of the time of some of our famed performers in the pedestrian department has been some time back published in a contemporary, but will bear repetition:—

NAME.	DISTANCE.	TIME.	PLACE.
M. Yds.	H. M. Sec.		
T. Maxfield .. ..	20 0 ..	1 58 50	Slough.
W. Jackson .. ..	11 48 ..	1 0 0	Gannick Corner.
J. Levett .. ..	10 0 ..	0 51 45	The Old Cope.
J. White .. ..	4 0 ..	0 20 11	Brompton.
J. White .. ..	2 ..	0 9 20	Copenhagen, Manchester.
Siab Albison .. ..	1 0 ..	0 4 22 1/2	Copenhagen, Manchester.
H. A. Reed .. ..	1 ..	0 1 58	Halfpenny.
H. A. Reed .. ..	1 ..	0 0 48	Harrington Corner.
G. Seward .. ..	0 200 ..	0 0 19 1/2	Gannick Corner.
G. Seward .. ..	0 100 ..	0 0 9 1/2	Acton Bottom.

Our accompanying engraving is taken from a photograph, published by Mr. Geo. Newbold, of Newcastle-street, Strand. It represents a group of three athletic men, who rank exceedingly high in pedestrianism. Mr. George Martin, of Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, formerly of Manchester, and the mentor of the celebrated "Deerfoot," is seated smiling on a chair in the centre, with an elegant silver cup and belt on the right knee, and a belt on the left. Nevill is at a right hand, with his right-hand frame, and stands right leg foremost, with his left hand on the Grand Master's shoulder. Of course the two prizes to the right are possessed by Nevill. Mower, of Norwich, is placed on the left, and holds the belt; all three, however, are champion paces. The countenances of both runners depict confidence to the utmost extent; the picture is one of the most successful which Mr. Newbold has published.

THE FORTHCOMING BENEFIT REVIEW.—The following volunteer corps have already applied for and received permission from the Secretary of State for War to attend the review at Brighton, under Lord Clyde, on Easter Monday:—1st Middlesex (Victoria) Rifles, 2nd (South) Middlesex, 11th (St. George's) Light (Working Men's College), 20th (New West), 23rd (Home of Court, 25th (London Irish), 26th (Paddington), 39th (Eastons), 29th (Finsbury), Sussex: 16th (Batt), 17th (Elchingham), 18th (Ardershot), Kent: 17th (Tunbridge Wells), 20th (Wickham), 21st (Alton), 22nd (Baker's Walkham), and 23rd (Cosham). Tower Hamlets: 2nd (Hackney) Rifles, 8th (Poplar), 9th (London Dock), and 1st Engineers. A great number of corps, in addition to the above at least twenty in number, have expressed their desire to be present at the Brighton review, but their names have not yet been sent in for official sanction.

APRIL.

MAY

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

TWO MORE POLTROONS PLAYING IN THE NEW FARCE  
OF "HUMBUGGING THE PUBLIC."

her penny, adding that *quantum sufficit* had already been given to King for defraying all such demands. King, for some time, swore bitterly he would not consent to any such thing, but at length he relented, and he should be happy to let Leighton have a forfeiture of the money, rather than submit to anything in the shape of imposition. We must do Crockett the justice to say that he was not a little vexed at King's conduct, but he should not have been so, and Mr. Perkins himself, where he trained at, did likewise. It was not, however, without railing bitterly and vulgarly against the king, that he was made to see that he was wrong. The eleven foot, which the man had evidently made up his mind to exhibit, of that, however, more anon, and it is necessary to mention this, as it was the key to the whole. The king, the most unscrupulous and the most treacherous of usurers, had been disgraced the ropes and sinks of the London ring. It being low water when we arrived upon the shore, the king, in the vessel, already drawing nine feet of water, could not stir nearer than a couple of miles to the shore. The king, however, was not to be deterred by such a difficulty, and he surrounded on all sides by thick haze and fog, took a search after knowledge under many difficulties. Leave and license was given to erect the ring on an artificial island, and the king's provisions were then made for

[illegible][illegible]

Our information today has to have, before our readers, a plain, unbiased account of the above match, and to designate it as one of the most miserable exhibitions—and a mockery upon British courage and science—ever had the ill-luck to witness. For two men in good health, bearing the reputation of being the best pugilists in the world, to be so completely and so wretchedly bad as in the manner we have so fully described above, appears almost incredible. Both were determined in seven cases out of ten to act as the inferior man, and to let the other man do the work. They were both sickened at the sight. It was somewhat singular to notice the varying effect from time to time, as the force of humbugging the public was being played out, upon the second and third men. They were both in the ring at the same time, and in conjunction with the two men who were in the International match with Heenan, the Bendis Boy, with his very notable

Tue celebrated Champion of England and his late opponent, Tom Kirk appeared on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last at the Midland Court Theatre, Birmingham, before a not very numerous, although a very loyal, first-class audience. The rain doubtless did much to diminish the number who would otherwise have been present to do "honour to the brave." The sparring was chiefly between Birmingham men, although Mickey Bent and perils, who were the only two of the "foreign" variety, were present. The first round of Mace's New Black, gave a grand display of the pugilistic art in three rounds which called forth great applause. The Black had the misfortune, however, to be knocked out in the second round, and the champion, who was left alone, which prevented him showing his qualities in the best light. Peter Jackson and Young Bent likewise amused the audience by showing how battles are lost and won. The British and American champions met in the evening strapped and armed with brass knuckles, and fought a most interesting and exciting contest. Mace's agent, came off the stage, and, in a neat and feeling speech (which was continually broken by the applause and the anditory), explained the inscription on the banner which was presented to the champion, and then, in a most interesting and touching address, which was warmly received, winding up with the remark that the best wishes of the Chamber of Commerce for the prosperity of the town of Birmingham, and the health and happiness of all who were there, not forgetting their wives and families. He then laid the banner on the stage, and, after a few more remarks, he bowed and retired with the hearty good wishes of his friends.

and, Anderson, a big Milky (late adversity, while two friends but a few days before the fight) was a heavy favorite. On stopping the vast difference between the men was apparent, Fitzpatrick, who was less than the opponent, lost half a stone heavier. Cagney, however, had the more of the fight, and he was the victor. In the first round Cagney planted well on the kissing-trap, fetching a good supply of red and white, and in the second round he was again successful. The third and fourth rounds displayed the same tactics, and the fifth round the fifth Cagney succeeded in cleverly flooring his man, with the very same tactics. The fight was a very close one, and the referee, a tall tale, as he hammered away right and left, with scarcely a return, was carried on until Fitzpatrick's seconds, seeing he had a chance, called for a stoppage. The referee, however, was not so easily satisfied, and punishment, while Cagney had scarcely a scratch. Fourteen rounds it lasted.

**NOLAN AND THOMAS.**—The final deposit of £15 a side in this match has been made good at Nat Langham's, the Micro Tavern, St. Martin's Lane. The man who was on one side was posted for a week in one of the most successful and most profitable of the London pugilists, and was able to slash with Northampton Rags.





